THE FLOATING BEAR

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THE LOZENGES

The Division was unsuitable
He thought. He was tempted not to fulfilling order written down
To him. The award on the wall
Believing it belonged to him.
Working and dreaming, getting the sun always right
In the end, he had supplanted the technician
With the bandage. Invented a new oradle,
The factory yard resounded
Filling up with air. Spring, outside
The window jammed almost shut, wafted its enormous bubble amidships.
Tell me, asparagus fern
Are you troubled by the cold night air?
Had passed him, the plane
Bound for Copenhagen with smiling officers,
Lighter than air, I guess. I jest
Was playing the piano of your halitosis
A bridge into amber. Seven bargains popped into the sloop.
Venomously she aimed the pot of flowers
At his head -- a moth-eaten curtain hid the fire extinguisher.
We all have graves to travel from, vigorously exerting
The strongest possible influence on those about us.
The children sleep -- mountains -- absorbing us into the greater part of us;
We had seen the sun dance.
Ribbons cover it -- the carnival brought
The thermometer down to absolute zero.
People unknown in the depot
A lot of valuable medicine being stolen
Climate in your eyes. I have to tell
The doctor entered, a wet limburger cheese sandwich in his hand.
He was crying. His little daughter, next to him
Was about fourteen years old. Her crying fit
Was not yet over. You could go out of the house
The saffron paving stones aware of this
Fond leading down to the sea.
Amnesia, around the bend
As though too much dew obscured the newspaper
A hand of polyps decorating it.
For the optician's lenses never told you
Until today, that is, how many crawfish
I detest you. We slowly stoked the rusted platinum engine.
Only about three more kilometers now
Tabby had been notified. The ball of sperm
And then we ... It too faded into light
An oriental thing, curved that lissome day might fit
There was rain and dew
You hanging on the clothes horse
Thought it funny the mushrooms
Watermocassins, and Dutch elm disease.
If only pockets contained the auditorium,
He, the young girl in business,
The girl Samson told you about when they came to get him out
Unpacked the old Chevrolet -- upholstery and such
The horse rocketing us into a nightmare world of champagne
You surprised more kinks. After all, a rabbit
Screaming paean of praise -- from mortar.

Frigid disappointment skins the wall of a bald world.
Release shadow upon men -- in their heaviness
Siding with hours in their flight
Turning over the subconscious -- and all fly
With him -- the radio, astronomy lessons,
The broken pageant, the girls!
Dormitory.

...
The Suspended Life

She is under heavy sedation
Seeing the world. The drink
Controls the tooth
Weather information clinic
Tomorrow morning. She started
On her round the world cruise
Aboard the Zephyr. The boy, sports
A dress. The girl,
Slacks. Each carried a magazine --
A package of sea the observatory
Introduced me to canned you,
Only a few cases of plague
Announced in Oporto, the schools
Reopen in the fresh September breeze.
Teeth are munching salads
Tragedy and forest fires return
To the pitted, happy town.
A jungle of matter
Floats over the piles
A major insulted the naval
Doom. The buttons' pill
Descended the trunk with a shout.
Servitude leapt from old age. Sky
Imagined us happy. The black
Trees impinged on the balloon. It follows
We were mean subsequently
To those who were near us,
The nude sleeping mechanically,
The foundation boy under the plant.
You tittered that in the milady of rocks
The sea was expanding neutral.
The stair carpet plunged into blankness.

"The igloo sun, while I was away,
Chastened the wolverine towels.
Isn't Idaho the wolverine state
Anyway Ohio is the flower state.
New York is the key state.
Bandana is the population state.
In the hay states of Pennsylvania and Arkansas
I lay down and wept.
The cross delirium tremens state of Mississippi
Led me to further discoveries:
Timbuctoo, for instance. And Ashtabula,
The towel city. The wolverines
Had almost faded off the towels, the frigid pallor
Of the arctic sun was responsible."
"Isn't Montpelier the capital of the 'ditch state?'
I remember as a child reading about some bombs
That had been placed on a tram.
They were green and in a cone-shaped pile
To look like a fir tree.
Many people were fooled.
Others in faraway places
Like Aberdeen or the Shetland Islands
Were unhappy about the affair.
What can you do with people far away?
Only those near me, like Bob,
Mean to me what Uncle Ben means to me
When he comes in, wiping a block of ice
On a chipmunk dish towel, his face glittering
With the pleasure of being already absent,
Or when someone places a cabbage on a stump
I think I am with them, I think of their name:
Julian. Do you see
The difference between weak handshakes
And freezing to death in a tub of ice and snow
Called a home by some, but it lacks runners,
Do you? When through the night
Pure sobs denote the presence
Of supernatural yearning you think
Of all those who have been near you
Who might have formed a wall
Of demarcation around your sorrow,
Of those who offered you a coffee."

The chariot moved apart
And those who had been whispering
Pulled away, as though offended
By a sudden noise. Night grew clear
Over Mount Hymettus:
And sudden day unbuttoned her blouse.
The travellers drew near a lake
Whose palm trees and chalets
Seemed indifferent, transparent
And so the trip stays
Close to hope and death. Dun lamps
Reveal a stone signpost.
We have lived here a long time.
The lips suggest a tragedy
No heart can make clear.
The glass blobs form an exclamation point.
The green shall not pierce your tippling sanctity,
The weather continues, the children are not on their way to school.
To the Same Degree

From the frozen yelps squirted lust
Unavoidably but without waste, though certain rusks
Were being distributed. Water mains, you imitate
Our positive statement, when through the disgusting air
With mantle of leaves, possibly forgetting old
Seizure, in some fishing village, the barbed leaves
Close to the ground, in some automobile on the grounds
Things contained in the universal consciousness:
Wool, brooks, books, the Carpathians, a caterpillar,
rivalries
Today we could see all the way to the ditch.

The possibility of fastening a ball
To anything, weary unexplored

The river continued to pour out its volume of water
like an enraged smell. The horse disappeared
With the cart. We were near a larger body

Of water in the north
To some factory of climate
A fault deep in the earth

Or manners unquenchable
Or sold to be eaten out of hand

The enormous cans

You contaminated our layers.
The wretch vanished. There is no more sirup,
nothing to dominate
As frogs will flock together, when the scudding
Hares out of the west churned by the stain
Of erratic paradise, so fish will in schools
Close to the pond, rage, action
Contriving to will heartburn—in case of glare
Parenthesis uncle
A package of drought next door
Customers absorbed, mist getting redder
Two entries that day. Poured into one hole
And you remember to mark the exhausted shepherd
The marble of his Swedish copper forehead, and all that?

Earnestly so-and-so
The fresh lumps pointed
To Valhalla, the oboes
Torturing the hobo's visor
The "Poet's Wife" ran aground
The laxative had been
Administered...on the grounds
Of legality. Full ugly night
With blistering blasts...
Fists of aloes, run aground
With only a certain amount of
hair,
Clove, you tax our
Thorax weary from apes
Ball
Unexpected
The tall stork approached
This time the expenses were
enormous
And chirping cogs
The anxious gardens' stare
Agreement was possible. In the
apartment fallen
The tree began to take root.
The promise of fire
The sky and the storks began,
the job
Pleasure, earliest of the guests;
prick
With hand of flour execrating
The keys. The purser. With
the time
Pushing close to the great bear
The boar—which do you prefer?
Some juice was served in
And you could moisten your rusk.
This is perhaps the best time
to point out
That I was alone—a large wheel.

Soon after they began to leave
In little groups first, then by
tens.
The Ascetic Sensualists

All ... All these numbers easily ... Why ... Unwashed feet and then ... typhoid fever ... The leading drains multiplied, then over ocean head Is a dangerous feed broken easily. The reeds came up to her, lying without life Standing halfway to the shore. Then they came over and ...

Calm clouds borne over.
These were thoughts of happiness
In the dark pasture
Remembering from the other time.
The old man ignored.

These times, by water, the members
Balloting, proud stain adrift
over the glass air.
See, you must acknowledge.
There's beer in it
For big charity ball. The autumn leaves
Among lead crescents, and wig--

Never-to-be-forgotten conjectures
Concerning the originality
Caves and dynamic arches and the used green
Encrusted the tube.
The mirror, the child's scream
Is perplexed, managing to end the sentence.

The scissors, this season, old newspaper.
The brown suit. Hunted unsuccessfully,
To be torn down later
The horse said.
You called midway between the jaws,
Mediterranean bus strike
At the four corners of the world
She stood, stinking. The cart unleashed
Ashes over every part of the century;
Some of us were working—the cat.
You pill ... on the porch
Workers bravo. Before the universe.

Only a small edge of dime protected the issued utter blank darkness from the silver regal porch factory inscribed pearl-handled revolver
raped gun to the ultimate tease next to the door fifth gum. Your Balzac open the foot scrounge lamp tube traffic gun. Gun is over, war banished, tottering lamp gun. Hic the perfect screw slow giggles to be sky raffia. The person or persons molested. These led directly to:

First Funeral

The sky hopes the vanilla bastard
Axle busted over-fifth dimwit slump.
The reason ejected. Impossibility of their purple paper trails.
Hold collar, basted.

Second Funeral

Candy rigors upset the train
From Boston to Newport.
I was reading "Vogue" in the car--suddenly
Chantilly--cream or lace--to be manufactured this year like in loom.
The room in which the loom
Dispelled thunder, cracked tennis under the eaves. Gone to work.

Third Funeral

Hardly was believed New England eyes
At fast report, tacked up in factory
Before the holidays,
After the holidays
The jar filled rapidly ...

Fourth Funeral

So we sabotaged the car
The rangers loved. Not to protect
Is to give all, we found
Under the topical night.
The weeds, miserable, and yet, topmast,
Their performance is worth knives.

We shall not call you
On that. Panorama. Over the glue garage
The sky was blue fudge.
The sky was white as flour--the sky
Like some baker's apron, Or the margarine
Of an April day. Pig. The sea. Ancient smoke.
Fifth Funeral

After the New Year
The tide changed.
Green thorns flushed in from the New England coasts and swamps,
All kinds of things
To make you think. Oh heart
You need these things, leaves and nubile weeds,
I guess, ever present.
They changed the time
And we were supposed to be back an hour earlier.

Sixth Funeral

The colored balls were like distant lights on the plaque horizon.
There was room for but one ball.

Seventh Funeral

The thrush of those who await the month
Of decapitated return, and thankless sight.
Through steering wheel
Brown woods or weeds
And brown-ribbed dress, violent
In the sun. The birds
And all your deeds. They bids.

Eighth Funeral

A glass of water in home
To where we had come out of the hole
Crying, the running water
Announced our engagement.
The dog ran over us
The ball with all his might.
We might escape, in the daylight
The barn of his personal loss.

Ninth Funeral

There was a slow rejoining of his
Original position, the maelstrom.
Lights were brought. The beds, sentenced.
The tulips grew redder. He smiled over
The desk. The persons abolished
Grew to stand in the tank his sin made.
--the vice-twins.
Tenth Funeral

A passion of the real
Embosed white of the silver head.
Among the stars it is time
Going slowly down to where
You were asked not to participate, where
Hard mud trails reiterate
Brougham capital.

Eleventh Funeral

Stones. Loggia

The least astonished were the wetter veterans who had come to pray and
practice, unaware as yet that the basilica's southern tip was submerged
--you to whom I write, can you believe them this instant far from ideal
palms? That the farewell was taking place? That's why the funeral decors
--black gingerbread for the trip, I suppose will want something other than
mauseating clear sea framed in window--to eat, I mean, just as our mind
takes up the vases, deposit hard-baked clay on hard mud or stone-- the
loggia in the picture. You see well, the perverted things you wanted
gone in a group of colored lights all lucky for you. Besides, sometime
the question will return--count on asking--the bald leader smile up at
your dark window in the nothing sunlight--just because you correctly ask
that one day and now nothing more, politeness and the broad seas.

--John Ashbery

nocturne for eric

my eyes are better than
good but the night is far
away & i can't see the rain
that falls in my face.

street sounds, the wet clothes
clamp to my skin, come to no more
easy focus. everyone walks
at a great distance.

you are as clear to me as
anything, yet i see you thru
in, a window, framed. i could
hang you on a wall, if i was closer

--a.b. spellman
The Bughouse

Act I

Duchess: Fuck you, cocksucker, you're a prick!
Communist: I want politics I have hope.
Ginsberg: Shut up you illiterate shit.
Carl Solomon: Give me money or give me Proust. Er, ahem, sweet
sir, I have no money in the bank.
Psychiatrist No. 1 (Gentile): That is irrelevant.
Psychologist: Ab-normal.
G.I.: When's chow?
Merchant Marine: You had a good home when you left. Left right,
left right.
Garveyite: Sit down, white shit.

Act II

Scene (a western ridge) discovered: Truman Capote and
Gerd Jack Stern, hip poet, in conference over
a movie script.

Stern: Now, Man.
Capote: Baroque was the word I used.
Stern: Now man.
Capote: Baroque, don't you know what the word means.
Stern: It's kind of square.

Act III. Allen Ginsberg's Apartment on the Lower East Side

Peter Orlovsky: Now Carl, that you're out of the hospital maybe
you can do a little writin'
Carl Solomon: Well, I'm well fed.
Alexander Trocchi: I think you'd like this collage it's very
interesting.

Act IV Two lesbians petting.

Act V Office of the Director

Director's flunky: Have you heard. The director committed suicide.
The FBI had discovered he was a communist spy.
Assistant Director: Delightful, now I can have his job.

Act VI Martin Bohrman's home in Argentina.

Martin: This is good brew. (he drinks a foaming mug of beer.)
I was a Communist Youth

It was during the war. Red movements were flourishing everywhere. On the City College campus in 1944, when I began college, there were at least five hundred supporters of the American Communist Party out of a student body of a couple of thousand. Such was the educational environment of the war generation. We were raised under these slogans: 'Win the war, destroy fascism.' After the war: full employment and the 'century of the common man'.

Fascism was the most hated philosophy of all time. Hitler and Mussolini and Tojo were seen as the most significant tyrants of history.

Moods have changed and time has brought about a difference in us all. After the war, America was to break with her wartime allies and they were to grapple on the battlefields of Korea. The great disillusionment was to come.

But there I stood, fifteen years old full of the propaganda of the day. My travels brought me to Europe and to the West Indies and I had a glimpse of the world that the war against fascism had created. I cannot say that it was or is a world that was sympathetic to ideas of return to the old order or a world which wanted to preserve the free enterprise system.

What I saw in Cuba in 1945 was a preview of what was to come in the late fifties.

What I saw in Yugoslavia in 1945 was the Partisans, wearing red stars on their arms.

I saw much the same thing, to a lesser degree in France, Italy, and Greece.

Only in America and from America came the slogan: Freedom. The slogan freedom meant white supremacy and the suppression of every movement for human hope on the face of the planet. So the cold war began.

The men, like Franco of Spain, whom we had been taught to hate we were now told were our allies in a struggle against the 'Eastern Bloc'.

Men like Dimitrov of Bulgaria who had had the courage to defy fascism during the Thirties, we were now told were our enemies, a group of cowardly tyrants.

Who know what his opinions are amid such nonsense.
The Entrance of the Grand Gladiola

Man Servant: gnathosputrad
Doctor: jol
First Baseman: lokfag

Young Bum enters with whistle:

Jesus: oli oli jefere
Marshall Foch: Cool it, man.

Results of Contest

Joyce Greenfield 1st prize
Betty Matheson 2nd prize
Nina Destroy 3rd prize

Now look at these three lovely girls. Wouldn't you want to take one of them home with you.

Pak Il Sung at the microscope looking for fleas.

--Carl Solomon

NOTICES

DARK BROWN by Michael McClure (Auerhahn) is now available from the Phoenix Bookstore / 18 Cornelia Street / New York 14, New York.

KULCHUR 3 is out, and also available from The Phoenix.

John Ashbery is now looking for manuscripts (poems) for Locus Solus 3. Send them to him at 16, rue d'Assas / Paris, France.

The Bear is only making one appearance a month over the summer. Back on regular schedule in September.

We are, as ever, badly in need of money for Bears. This isn't addressed to those of you who have done more than your share, but to you guys who have as yet done nothing: PLEASE SEND WHAT-EVER YOU CAN, AS SOON AS YOU CAN.